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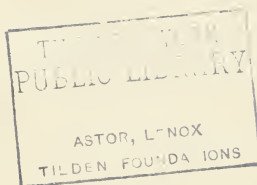


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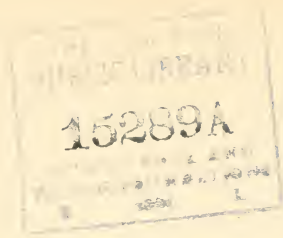
IN WINK-A-WAY LAND

BY
EUGENE FIELD

AUTHOR OF
HOOSIER LYRICS, THE CLINK OF THE ICE
JOHN SMITH, U. S. A., ETC.



M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY
CHICAGO



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W. W. W. W.
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V. L. V. L.

INTRODUCTION.

From whatever point of view the character of Eugene Field is seen, genius—rare and quaint presents itself is childlike simplicity. That he was a poet of keen perception, of rare discrimination, all will admit. He was a humorist as delicate and fanciful as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, Opie Read, or Bret Harte in their happiest moods: Within him ran a poetic vein, capable of being worked in any direction, and from which he could, at will, extract that which his imagination saw and felt most. That he occasionally left the child-world, in which he longed to linger, to wander among the older children of men, where intuitively the hungry listener follows him into his Temple of Mirth, all should rejoice, for those who knew him not, can while away the moments imbibing the genius of his imagination in the poetry and prose here presented.

Though never possessing an intimate acquaintanceship with Field, owing largely to the disparity in our ages, still there existed a bond of

friendliness that renders my good opinion of him in a measure trustworthy. Born in the same city, both students in the same college, engaged at various times in newspaper work both in St. Louis and Chicago, residents of the same ward, with many mutual friends, it is not surprising that I am able to say of him that "the world is better off that he lived, not in gold and silver or precious jewels, but in the bestowal of priceless truths, of which the possessor of this book becomes a benefactor of no mean share of his estate."

Every lover of Field, whether of the songs of childhood or the poems that lend mirth to the out-pouring of his poetic nature, will welcome this unique collection of his choicest wit and humor.

CHARLES WALTER BROWN,

Chicago, January, 1905.

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THE BOTTLE TREE.

A Bottle Tree bloometh in Wink-a-way land—
Heigh-ho for a bottle I say!

A snug little berth in that ship I demand
That rocketh the Bottle-Tree babies away
Where the Bottle Tree bloometh by night and
by day

And reacheth its fruit to each wee, dimpled hand;
You take as much of that fruit as you list,
For colic's a nuisance that doesn't exist!
So cuddle me close, and cuddle me fast,
And cuddle me snug in my cradle away,
For I hunger and thirst for that precious repast—
Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!

The Bottle Tree bloometh by night and by day—
Heigh-ho for Wink-a-way land!

And Bottle Tree fruit (as I've heard people say)
Makes bellies of Bottle-Tree babies expand—
And that is a trick I would fain understand!
Heigh-ho for a bottle to-day!
And heigh-ho for a bottle to-night—
A bottle of milk that is creamy and white!

So cuddle me close and cuddle me fast
And cuddle me snug in my cradle away,
For I hunger and thirst for that precious repast—
Heigh-ho for a bottle, I say!

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree!

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollopop Sea

In the garden of Shut-Eye town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet,

(As those who have tasted it say),

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a
hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person can climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing;

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,

And a gingerbread dog prowls below—

And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,

And he barks with such terrible zest

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,

As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the
ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and pepper-
mint canes,
With stripings of scarlet and gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

Good old days—dear old days

When my heart beats high and bold—

When the things of earth seemed full of mirth

And the future a haze of gold!

Oh, merry was I that winter night,

And gleeful our little ones' din,

And tender the grace of my darling's face

As we watched the new year in.

But a voice—a specter's, that mocked at love—

Came out of the yonder hall;

“Tick-tock, tick tock!” ’twas the solemn clock

That ruefully croaked to all.

Yet what knew we of the griefs to be

In the year we longed to greet?

Love—love was the theme of the sweet, sweet
dream

I fancied might never fleet!

But the specter stood in that yonder gloom,

And these were the words it spake:

“Tick-tock, tick-tock”—and they seemed to mock

A heart about to break.

’Tis new-year’s eve, and again I watch

In the old familiar place,

And I am thinking again of that old time when
I looked on a dear one's face.
Never a little one hugs my knee
And I hear no gleeful shout—
I am sitting by the old hearthstone,
Watching the old year out.
But I welcome the voice in yonder gloom
That solemnly calls to me:
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!”—for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
“Tick-tock, tick-tock!”—’tis so the clock
Tells of eternity.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not—
These three bloomed in a garden spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
“Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O thou child with the tangled hair
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering, passing fair!”
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gamboled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming—that was all,
Till once the sleeper would not wake!
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spake,
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;

Bringeth the poppy sweet repose.

When the hands would fold and the eyes would
close,

And after it all—the play and the sleep

Of a little life—what cometh then?

To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep

A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.

Each one serveth its tender lot—

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not.

ARMENIAN FOLK SONG—THE
MOTHER.

I was a mother, and I weep;
The Night is come—the Day is sped—
The Night of Woe profound, for, oh!
My little golden son is dead!

The pretty rose that blossomed anon
Upon my mother breast, they stole;
They let the dove I nursed with love
Fly far away—so sped my soul!

That falcon Death swooped down upon
My sweet voiced turtle as he sung;
'Tis hushed and dark where soared the lark—
And so, and so my heart is wrung!

Before my eyes they sent the hail
Upon my young pomegranate tree—
Upon the bough where but just now
A rosy apple bent to me!

They shook my beauteous almond tree,
Beating its glorious bloom to death—
They strewed it round upon the ground
And mocked its fragrant dying breath.

I was a mother, and I weep;
I seek the rose where nestleth none—
No more is heard the singing bird—
I have no little golden son!

So fall the shadows over me,
The blighted garden, lonely nest;
Reach down in love, O God above,
And fold my darling to my breast!

LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest!
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest;
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art;
But what meant this legend pray:
"Homer drew this yesterday?"

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide—
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart,

Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lieth in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

When all the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
But the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old, dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman,
The pauper be a king,
In that revenge of recompense
The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
 Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
 The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
 Pilot and helmsman are
And an angel with a wreath of rue
 Tosseth the dreams afar.

THE BOY.

Down through the snowdrifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers:
His rubber boots are full of feet
And his tippet full of ears.

LADY BUTTON-EYES.

When the busy day is done
And my weary little one
Rocketh gently to and fro;
When the night winds softly blow
And the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again;
When upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen—
Then from yonder misty skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Through the murk and mist and gloam
To our quiet, cozy home,
Where to singing, sweet and low,
Rocks a cradle to and fro;
Where the clock's dull monotone
Telleth of the day that's done;
Where the moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Where my weary wee one lies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Cometh like a fleeting ghost
From some distant eerie coast;
Never footfall can you hear
As that spirit fareth near—
Never whisper, never word
From that shadow-queen is heard.
In ethereal raiment dight,
From the realm of fay and sprite
In the depth of yonder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Layeth she her hands upon
My dear weary little one,
And those white hands, overspread
Like a veil the curly head,
Seem to fondle and caress
Every little silken tress;
Then she smooths the eyelids down
Over those two eyes of brown—
In such soothing, tender wise
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

Dearest, feel upon your brow
That caressing magic now;
For the crickets in the glen
Chirp and chirp and chirp again,
While upon the haunted green
Fairies dance around their queen,

And moonbeams hover o'er
Playthings sleeping on the floor—
Hush, my sweet! from yonder skies
Cometh Lady Button-Eyes.

TEENY-WEENY.

Every evening, after tea,
Teeny-Weeny comes to me,
And, astride my willing knee,
 Plies his lash and rides away;
Though that palfrey, all too spare,
Finds his burden hard to bear,
Teeny-Weeny doesn't care—
 He commands and I obey!

First it's trot; and gallop then—
Now it's back to trot again;
Teeny-Weeny likes it when
 He is riding fierce and fast!
Then his dark eyes brighter grow
And his cheeks are all aglow—
“More!” he cries, and never “Whoa!”—
 Till the horse breaks down at last.

Oh, the strange and lovely sights
Teeny-Weeny sees of nights,
As he makes those famous flights
 On that wondrous horse of his!

Oftentime, before he knows,
Weary-like his eyelids close
And, still smiling, off he goes
Where the land of By-low is.

There he sees the folk of fay
Hard at ring-a-rosie play,
And he hears those fairies say:
“Come, let’s chase him to and fro!”
But, with a defiant shout,
Teeny puts that host to rout—
Of this tale I make no doubt—
Every night he tells it so!

So I feel a tender pride
In my boy who dares to ride
(That fierce horse of his astride)
Off into those misty lands;
And as on my breast he lies,
Dreaming in that wondrous wise,
I caress his folded eyes—
Pat his little dimpled hands.

On a time he went away,
Just a little while to stay,
And I’m not ashamed to say
I was very lonely then;

Life without him was so sad,
You can fancy I was glad
And made merry when I had
 Teeny-Weeny back again!

So of evenings after tea,
When he toddles up to me
And goes tugging at my knee,
 You should hear his palfrey neigh!
You should see him prance and shy,
When, with an exulting cry,
Teeny-Weeny, vaulting high,
 Plies his lash and rides away!

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

All day long they come and go—
Pittypat and Tippytoe:
Footprints up and down the hall,
Finger-marks along the wall,
Tell-tale streaks upon the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!
And, a dozen times a day,
In they troop demanding bread—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick with sugar, too!
Never yet have I said: "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!"

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe—
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
For—I much regret to say—
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat;

Fie! oh fie! to quarrel so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amiss,
Many a murmuring hush,
Many a little bump to kiss;
Life's indeed a fleeting show,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And, when day is at an end,
There are little duds to mend;
Little frocks are strangely torn,
Little shoes great holes reveal,
Little hose, but one day worn,
Rudely yawn at toe or heel!
Who but you could work such woe,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me;
Some there are that childless be,
Stealing to their little beds,
With a love I cannot speak,
Tenderly I stroke their heads,
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek.
God help those who do not know
A Pittypat or Tippytoe!

On the floor, along the hall,
Rudely traced upon the wall,
There are proofs of every kind
Of the havoc they have wrought;
And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trademarks, if you sought,
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

THE HUMMING TOP.

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song
To my dear little boy at play—
Merrily singeth all day long,
As it spinneth and spinneth away.
And my dear little boy
He laugheth with joy
When he heareth the tuneful tone
Of that busy thing
That loveth to sing
The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,
That the song may be loud and clear;
Now hurl the top with all your might
Upon the banquette here;
And straight from the string
The joyous thing
Boundeth and spinneth along,
And it whirrs and it chirrs
And it birrs and it purrs
Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old
As some have grown before?

Will ever his heart feel faint and cold;
When he heareth the songs of yore?
Will ever this toy
Of my dear little boy
When the years have worn away,
Sing sad and low
Of the long ago,
As it singeth to me to-day?

THE DINKEY-BIRD.

In an ocean way out yonder
 (As all sapient people know)
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
 Whither children love to go;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
 That giveth joy to me,
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
 In the amfalula tree!

There the gumdrops grow like cherries
 And taffy's thick as peas—
Caramels you pick like berries
 When and where and how you please;
Big red sugar plums are clinging
 To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
 In the amfalula tree!

So when the children shout and scamper
 And make merry all the day,
When there's naught to put a damper
 On the ardor of their play;

When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And the staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades, appoggiaturas
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

Yes. I'm sure you'd like to go there
To see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!

*Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!*

FIDDLE-DEE-DEE.

There once was a bird that lived up in a tree,
And all he could whistle was "Fiddle-dee-dee"—
A very provoking, unmusical song
For one to be whistling the summer day long!
Yet always contented and busy was he
With that vocal recurrence of "Fiddle-dee-dee."

Hardby lived a brave little soldier of four
That weird iteration repented him sore;
"I pri' thee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun,
For, by our St. Didy! the deed must be done
That shall presently rid all creation and me
Of that omniuous bird and his 'Fiddle-dee-dee!'"

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her
son
His awfully truculent little red gun;
The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,
The "bang" it came out where the bullet went
in—
The right kind of weapon, I think you'll agree,
For slaying all fowl that go "Fiddle-dee-dee!"

The brave little soldier quoth never a word,
But he up and he drew a straight bead on that
bird;

And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,
Then loud laughed the youth—"By my Bottle,"
cried he,

"I've put a quietus on 'Fiddle-dee-dee'!"

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: "My
son,

Right well have you wrought with your little red
gun!

Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,
With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love here!"
She kissed the dear boy. (The bird in the tree
Continued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee!")

THE HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

It's when the birds go piping and the daylight
slowly breaks,
That, clamoring for his dinner, our precious baby
wakes;
Then it's sleep no more for baby, and it's sleep no
more for me,
For, when he wants his dinner, why, it's dinner
it must be!
And of that lacteal fluid he partakes with great
ado,
While gran'ma laughs,
And gran'pa laughs,
And wife, she laughs,
And I—well, *I* laugh, *too!*

You'd think to see us carrying on about that little
tad,
That, like as not, that baby was the first we'd ever
had;
But, sakes alive! he isn't, yet we people make a
fuss
As if the only baby in the world had come to us!
And, morning, noon and night-time, whatever he
may do,

Gran'ma, she laughs,
Gran'pa, he laughs,
Wife, she laughs,
And *I*, of course, laugh, too!

But once—a likely spell ago—when that poor
little chick
From teething or from some such ill or infancy
fell sick,
You wouldn't know us people as the same that
went about
A-feelin' good all over, just to hear him crow and
shout;
And, though the doctor poohed our fears and said
he'd pull him through,
Old gran'ma cried,
And gran'pa cried,
And wife, she cried,
And I—yes, *I* cried, too!

It makes us all feel good to have a baby on the
place
With his everlastin' crowing and his dimpling,
dumpling face;
The patter of his pinky feet makes music every-
where,
And when he shakes those fists of his, good-by to
every care!
No matter what our trouble is, when *he* begins to
coo,

Old gran'ma laughs,
And gran'pa laughs,
Wife, she laughs,
And I—you bet, *I* laugh, *too*.

GOOD-CHILDREN STREET.

There's a dear little home in Good-Children street—

My heart turneth fondly to-day
Where tinkle of tongues and patter of feet
Make sweetest of music at play;
Where the sunshine of love illumines each face
And warms every heart in that old fashioned place.

For dear little children go romping about
With dollies and tin-tops and drums,
And, my! how they frolic and scamper and shout
Till bedtime too speedily comes!
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children street.

See, here comes an army with guns painted red,
And swords, caps and plumes of all sorts;
The captain rides gayly and proudly ahead
On a stick-horse that prances and snorts!
Oh, legions of soldiers you're certain to meet—
Nice make-believe soldiers—in Good-Children street.

And yonder Odette wheels her dolly about—
Poor dolly! I'm sure she is ill,
For one of her blue china eyes has dropped out,
And her voice is asthmatic'ly shrill.
Then, too, I observe, she is minus her feet,
Which causes much sorrow in Good-Children
street.

'Tis so the dear children go romping about
With dollies and banners and drums,
And I venture to say they are sadly put out
When an end to their jubilee comes;
Oh, days they are golden and days they are fleet
With little folk living in Good-Children street!

But, when falleth night over river and town,
Those little folk vanish from sight,
And an angel all white from the sky cometh down
And guardeth the babes through the night.
And singeth her lullabies tender and sweet
To the dear little people in Good-Children street.

Though elsewhere the world be o'erburdened with
care,
Though poverty fall to my lot,
Though toil and vexation be always my share,
What care I—they trouble me not!
This thought maketh life ever joyous and sweet:
There's a dear little home in Good-Children street.

THE DRUM.

I'm a beautiful red, red drum,
And I train with the soldier boys;
As up the street we come
Wonderful is our noise!
There's Tom and Jim and Phil
And Dick and Nat and Fred,
While Widow Cutler's Bill
And I march on ahead,
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum—
Oh, there's bushels of fun in that
For boys with a little red drum!

The Injuns came last night
While the soldiers were abed,
And they gobbled a Chinese kite
And off to the woods they fled!
The woods are the cherry trees
Down in the orchard lot,
And the soldiers are marching to seize
The booty the Injuns got.
With a tum-titty-um-tum-tum,
And r-r-rat-tat-tat,
When soldiers marching come
Injuns had better scat!

Step up there, little Fred,
And, Charlie, have a mind!
Jim is as far ahead
As you two are behind!
Ready with gun and sword
Your valorous work to do—
Yonder the Injun horde
Lieth in wait for you.
And their hearts go pittypat
When they hear the soldiers come.
With a r-r-rat-tat-tat
And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum!

Course it's all the play!
The skulking Indian crew
That hustled the kite away
Are little white boys like you!
But "honest" or "just in fun,"
It is all the same to me;
And, when the battle is won,
Home once again march we
With r-r-rat-tat-tat
And tum-titty-um-tum-tum;
And there's glory enough in that
For the boys with little red drum!

THREE VALENTINES.

I.—TO MISTRESS BARBARA.

There were three cavaliers, all handsome and true,
On Valentine's day came a maiden to woo,
And quoth to your mother: "Good-morrow, my
 dear.

We come with some songs for your daughter to
 hear!"

Your mother replied: "I'll be pleased to convey
To my daughter what things you may sing or may
 say!"

Then the first cavalier sung: "My pretty red rose,
I'll love you and court you some day, I suppose!"

And the next cavalier sung, with make-believe
 tears:

"I've loved you! I've loved you these many long
 years!"

But the third cavalier (with the brown bushy
 head

And the pretty blue jacket and necktie of red)

He drew himself up with a resolute air,
And he warbled: "O maiden, surpassingly fair,
I've loved you long years, and I love you to-day,
And, if you will let me, I'll love you for aye!"

I (the third cavalier) sung this ditty to *you*,
In my necktie of red and my jacket of blue;
I'm sure you'll prefer the song that was mine
And smile your approval on your *Valentine*.

II.—TO A BABY BOY.

Who I am I shall not say,
But I send you this bouquet
With this query, baby mine:
“Will you be my valentine?”

See these roses blushing blue,
Very like your eyes of hue;
While these violets are the red
Of your cheeks. It can be said
Ne’er before was babe like you,
And I think it’s quite as true
No one e’er before to-day
Sent so wondrous a bouquet
As these posies aforesaid—
Roses blue and violets red!

Sweet, repay me sweets for sweets—
’Tis your lover who entreats!
Smile upon me, baby mine—
Be my little valentine.

III.—TO MISTRESS BESSIE.

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell

I love her well!

Yes, though she tramples on my heart

And rends that bleeding thing apart;

And though she rolls a scornful eye

On doting me when I go by;

And though she scouts at everything

As tribute unto her I bring—

Apple, banana, caramel—

Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell,

In spite of all I love her well!

And further say I have a sled

Cushioned in blue and painted red!

The groceryman has promised I

Can “hitch” whenever he goes by—

Go tell her *that*, and, furthermore,

Apprise my sweetheart that a score

Of other little girls implore

The boon of riding on that sled

Painted and hitched as aforesaid;

And tell her, Cupid, only she

Shall ride upon that sled with me.

Tell her this all, and further tell

I love her well!

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and, what do you think,
Neither of them had slept a wink!

And the old Dutch clock and Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.

(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney
place

Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear, what *shall* we do!"

But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is that they ate each other up—
Now, what do you really think of *that*?
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

BOOH!

On afternoons, when baby boy has had a splendid
nap,
And sits, like any monarch on his throne, in
nurse's lap,
In some such wise my handkerchief I hold before
my face,
And cautiously and quietly I move about the
place;
Then, with a cry, I suddenly expose my face to
view,
And you should hear him laugh and crow when
I say "Booh!"

Sometimes that rascal tries to make believe that
he is scared,
And, really, when I first began, he stared and
stared and stared;
And then his under lip came out and farther out
it came,
Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "cruel
shame"—
But now what does that same wee toddling, lisp-
ing baby do
But laugh and kick its little heels when I say
"Booh."

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous
glee, and then

In shrill, despotic treble bids me "Do it all aden!"

And I—of course I do it; for, as his progenitor,

It is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am
for!

And it is, oh, such fun! and I am sure that I shall
rue

The time when we are both too old to play the
game of "Booh!"

CHILD AND MOTHER.

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your hand
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stocking to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.

So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away to the mist, to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

FAIRY AND CHILD.

Oh, listen, little Dear-My-Soul,
To the fair voices calling,
For the moon is high in the misty sky
And the honey dew is falling;
To the midnight feast in the clover bloom
The bluebells are a-ringing,
And it's "Come away to the land of fay"
That the katydid is singing.

Oh, slumber, little Dear-My-Soul,
And hand in hand we'll wander—
Hand in hand to the beautiful land
Of Balow, away off yonder;
Or we'll sail along in a lily leaf
Into the white moon's halo—
Over a stream of mist and dream
Into the land of Balow.

Or, you shall have two beautiful wings—
Two gossamer wings and airy,
And all the while shall the old moon smile
And think you a little fairy;

And you shall dance in the velvet sky
And the silvery stars shall twinkle
And dream sweet dreams as over their beams
Your footfall softly tinkle.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Over the hills and far away,
A little boy steals from his morning play,
And under the blossoming apple-tree
He lies and he dreams of things to be:
Of battles fought and of victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done,
Of the valor that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away—

Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away—
It's oh for the toil the livelong day!
But it mattereth not to the soul aflame
With the love for riches and power and fame!
On, O man! while the sun is high—
On to the certain joys that lie
Yonder where blazeth the noon of day,
Over the hills and far away,

Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away,
An old man lingers at close of day;
Now that his journey is almost done,
His battles fought and his victories won,

The old-time honesty and truth,
The truthfulness and the friends of youth,
Home and mother—where are they?
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away!

THE HAWTHORNE CHILDREN.

The Hawthorne children—seven, in all—
And famous friends of mine,
And, with what pleasure I recall
How, years ago, one gloomy fall,
I took a tedious railway line
And journeyed by slow stages down
Unto that soporiferous town
(Albeit one worth seeing),
Where Herman, Hildegarde, John, Henry, Fred,
And Beatrix and Gwendolen,
And she that was the baby then—
The famous seven, as aforesaid,
Lived, moved and had their being.

The Hawthorne children gave me such
A welcome by the sea,
That the eight of us were soon in touch,
And, though their mother marveled much,
Happy as larks were we!
Egad! I was a boy again,
With Henry, John and Gwendolen!
And oh! the funny capers
I cut with Hildegarde and Fred!

And oh! the pranks we children played,
And oh, the deafening noise we made—
'Twould shock my family if they read
About it in the papers.

The Hawthorne children were all smart;
The girls, as I recall,
Had comprehended every art
Appealing to the head and heart,
The boys were gifted, all;
'Twas Hildegarde who showed me how
To hitch a horse and milk a cow,
And cook the best of suppers;
With Beatrix upon the sands,
I sprinted daily and was beat;
'Twas Henry trained me to the feat
Of walking round upon my hands,
Instead of my uppers.

The Hawthorne children liked me best
Of evenings, after tea,
For then, by general request,
I spun them yarns about the west—
Yarns all involving me!
I represented how I'd slain
The bison on his native plain,
And divers tales of wonder.
I told of how I'd fought and bled

In Indian scrimmages galore,
Till Mrs. Hawthorne quoth, "No more"—
And packed her darlings off to bed
To dream of blood and thunder!

They must have changed a deal since then;
The misses, tall and fair,
And those three handsome, lusty men—
Would they be boys and girls again,
Were I to happen there,
Down in that spot beside the sea
Where we made such tumultuous glee
That dull autumnal weather?
Ah me! the years go swiftly by!
And yet how fondly I recall
The week when we were children all,
Dear Hawthorne children, you and I—
Just eight of us together.

NIGHTFALL IN DORDRECHT.

(Slumber Song.)

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little ones hear in the kindly sound
The voices of the old mill speak;
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings;
“Sleep, little tulip, sleep!”

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morning's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep,
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of “Sleep, little tulip, sleep.”

Shaggy old Fritz in slumber sound,
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you around,
Hitched to our new milk cart!

And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, “little tulip, sleep!”

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scold at the stars that wink:
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And, rocking your cradle, she softly sings:
“Sleep, little tulip, sleep.”

INTRY-MINTRY.

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play,
An old man, hoary and tottering, came
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seemed to wonder while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Aha, but the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent glee.
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told this rhyme at counting out:
 "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn;
 Wire, brier, limber, lock,
 Twelve geese in a flock;
 Some flew east, some flew west,
 Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that summer day!
'Twas Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there;
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sport went he—
How *could* the children have been afraid,

Since little they wrecked whom he might be.
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumblin' that curious nonsense rhyme
Of "Intry-mintry, cutrey-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twelve geese in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest!"

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May,
And joy of summer—where are they?
The grim old man still standeth near
Crooning the song of a far-off year;
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by that mournful requiem,
Soothed by the dolorous monotone
That shall count me off as it counted them—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chanting the homely nursery rhyme
He learned of the children a summer morn
When, with "apple seed and apple thorn,"
Life was full of the Culcet cheer
That bringeth the grace of heaven anear—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bessie, Georgie and May.

TELLING THE BEES.

Out of the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfather came one day,
And under the pleasant orchard trees
He spake this wise to the murmuring bees:
 “The clover bloom that kissed her feet
 And the posie bed where she used to play
 Have honey store, but none so sweet,
 As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and bees, sing low,
For she is gone who loved you so!”

A wonder fell on the listening bees
Under those pleasant orchard trees,
And in their toil that summer day
Ever their murmuring seemed to say:
 “Child, O child, the grass is cool,
 And the posies are waking to hear the song
 Of the bird that swings by the shaded pool,
 Waiting for one that tarrieth long!”
’Twas so they called to the little one then,
As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees I have come to say
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,

And we know by the smile on grandfather's face
He has found his dear one's hiding place.

So bees, sing soft, and bees, sing low,

As over the honey fields you sweep;

To the trees abloom and the flowers ablow

Sing of grandfather fast asleep.

And ever beneath these orchard trees

Find cheer and shelter gentle bees.

HI-SPY.

Strange that the city thoroughfare,
Noisy and bustling all the day,
Should, with the night, renounce its care
And lend itself to children's play.

Oh, girls are girls and boys are boys,
And have been so since Adam's birth,
And will be so till dolls and noise
Are called by Gabriel's horn from earth.

The self-same sport which crowns the day
Of many a simple shepherd's son,
Beguiles the little lads at play
By night in stately Babylon.

THE NAUGHTY DOLL.

My dolly is a dreadful care—
Her name is Miss Amandy;
I dress her up and curl her hair
And feed her taffy candy.
Yet, heedless of the pleading voice
Of her devoted mother,
She will not wed her mother's choice,
But says she'll wed another.

I'd have her wed the china vase—
There is no Dresden rarer;
You might go searching every place
And never find a fairer;
He is a gentle, pinkish youth—
Of that there's no denying—
Yet when I speak to him, forsooth,
Amandy falls to crying!

She loves the drum—that's very plain--
And scorns the vase so clever,
And weeping vows she will remain
A spinster doll forever!

The protestations of the drum
I am convinced are hollow;
When once distressing times should come,
How soon would ruin follow.

Yet all in vain the Dresden boy
From yonder mantel woos her—
A mania for that vulgar toy,
The noisy drum, imbues her!
In vain I wheel her to and fro
And reason with her mildly;
Her waxen tears in torrents flow,
Her sawdust heart beats wildly.

I'm sure that when I'm big and tall
And wear long trailing dresses,
I shan't encourage beaux at all
Till mamma acquiesces;
Our choice will be a suitor then
As pretty as this vase is—
Oh, how we will hate the noisy men
With whiskers on their faces!

GANDERFEATHER'S GIFT.

I was just a little thing

When a fairy came and kissed me;
Floating in upon the light
Of a haunted summer night,
Lo! the fairies came to sing
Pretty slumber songs and bring

Certain boons that else had missed me.
From a dream I turned to see
What those strangers brought for me
When that fairy up and kissed me—
Here, upon this cheek, he kissed me.

Simmerdew was there, but she

Did not like me altogether;
Daisybright and Turtledove,
Pilfercurds and Honeylove,
Thistleblow and Amberglee
On that gleaming, ghostly sea
Floated from the misty heather,
And around my trundle bed
Frisked and looked and whispering said,
Solemn-like and altogether:
“You shall kiss him, Ganderfeather!”

Ganderfeather kissed me then—

Ganderfeather, quaint and merry!

No attenuate sprite was he,

But as buxom as could be;

Kissed me twice and once again,

And the others shouted when

On my cheek uprose a berry

Somewhat like a mole, mayhap,

But the kiss-mark of that chap

Ganderfeather, passing merry—

Humorsome but kindly, very!

I was just a tiny thing

When the prankish Ganderfeather

Brought this curious gift to me

With his fairy kisses three,

Yet with honest pride I sing

That same gift he chose to bring

Out of yonder haunted heather:

Other charms and friendships fly—

Constant friends this mole and I

Who had been so long together!

Thank you, little Ganderfeather!

THE BROOK.

I looked in the brook and saw a face—
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook
ran by;
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
“Hasten with me
To the roistering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!”

I look in the brook and see a face—
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I;
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way—
Solemnly now, and not in play:
“Oh, come with me
To the slumbrous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!”

*Heigh-ho, but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I!*

LITTLE CROODLIN' DOO.

Ho, pretty bee, did you see my croodlin doo?

Ho, little lamb, is she jinking on the lea?

Ho, bonnie fairy, bring my dearie back to me—
Got a lump o' sugar an' a posie for you—
Only bring back my wee, croodlin doo!

Why, here you are, my little croodlin doo!

Looked in er cradle, but didn't find you there—

Looked f'r my wee, wee croodlin doo ever'-
where;

Ben kind lonesome all er day withouten you—

Where you ben, my little wee, wee croodlin doo?

Now we go balow, my little croodlin doo;

Now we go rockaby ever so far—

Rockaby, rockaby up to the star

That's winkin' and blinkin' an' singin' to you

As you go to balow, my wee, wee croodlin doo!

THE BOW-LEG BOY.

Who should come up the road one day
But the doctor man in his two-wheel shay;
And he whoaed his horse and he cried, "Ahoy!
Such a cute little boy!
Such a funny little boy!
Such a dear little bow-leg boy!"

He took out his box and he opened it wide,
And there was the bow-leg boy inside!
And when they saw that cunning little mite,
They cried in a chorus expressive of delight:
"What a cute little boy!
What a funny little boy!
What a dear little bow-leg boy!"

Observing a strict geometrical law,
They cut out his panties with a circular saw;
Which gave such a stress to his oval stride
That the people he met invariably cried:
"What a cute little boy!
What a funny little boy!
What a dear little bow-leg boy!"

They gave him a wheel and away he went
Speeding along to his heart's content;
And he sits so straight and he pedals so strong
That the folks all say as he bowls along:

“What a cute little boy!

What a funny little boy!

What a dear little bow-leg boy!”

With his eyes aflame and his cheeks aglow,
He laughs “Aha” and he laughs “Oho”;
And the world is filled and thrilled with the joy
Of that jolly little human, the bow-leg boy—

The cute little boy!

The funny little boy!

The dear little bow-leg boy!

If ever the doctor-man comes *my* way
With his wonderful box in his two-wheel shay,
I'll ask for the treasure I'd fain possess—
Now, honest Injun! can't you guess?

Why, a cute little boy!

A funny little boy!

A dear little bow-leg boy!

HYMN.

From the German of Martin Luther.

O heart of mine! lift up thine eyes
And see who in yon manger lies!
Of perfect form, of face divine—
It is the Christ-child, heart of mine!

O dearest, holiest Christ-child, spread
Within this heart of mine thy bed;
Then shall my breast forever be
A chamber consecrate to thee!

Beat high to-day, O heart of mine,
And tell, O lips, what joys are thine;
For with your help shall I prolong
Old Bethlehem's sweetest cradle-song.

Glory to God, whom this dear Child
Hath by His coming reconciled,
And whose redeeming love again
Brings peace on earth, good-will to men!

THE STRAW PARLOR.

Way up at the top of a big stack of straw
Was the cunningest parlor that ever you saw!
And there you could lie when weary of play
And gossip or laze in the coziest way;
No matter how careworn or sorry one's mood
No worldly distraction presumed to intrude.
As a refuge from onerous mundane ado
I think I approve of straw parlors; don't you?

A swallow with jewels aflame on her breast
On that straw parlor's ceiling had builded her
 nest;
And she flew in and out all the happy day long,
And twittered the soothingest lullaby song,
Now some might suppose that that beautiful bird
Performed for her babies the music they heard;
I reckon she twittered her repertoire through
For the folk in the little straw parlor; don't you?

And down from a rafter a spider had hung
Some swings upon which he incessantly swung,
He cut up such didoes—such antics he played
Way up in the air, and was never afraid!

He never made use of his horrid old sting,
But was just upon earth for the fun of the thing!
I deeply regret to observe that so few
Of these good-natured insects are met with; don't
you?

And, down in the strawstack, a wee little mite
Of a cricket went chirping by day and by night;
And further down, still, a cunning blue mouse
In a snug little nook of that strawstack kept
house!

When the cricket went "chirp," Miss Mousie
would squeak

"Come in," and a blush would enkindle her
cheek!

She thought—silly girl! 'twas a beau come to woo,
But I guess it was only the cricket; don't you?

So the cricket, the mouse and the motherly bird
Made as soothingsome music as ever you heard;
And, meanwhile, that spider by means of his
swings

Achieved most astounding gyrations and things!
No wonder the little folks liked what they saw
And loved what they heard in that parlor of
straw!

With the mercury up to 102
In the shade, I opine they just sizzled; don't you?

But once there invaded that Eden of straw
The vilest feline that ever you saw!
She pounced on that cricket with rare prompti-
tude
And she tucked him away where he'd do the most
good;
And then, reaching down to the nethermost house,
She deftly expiscated little Miss Mouse!
And, as for the swallow, she shrieked and with-
drew—
I rather admire her discretion; don't you?

Now listen: That evening a cyclone obtained
And the mortgage was all on that farm that re-
mained!
Barn, strawstack and spider—they all blew away,
And nobody knows where they're at to this day!
And, as for the little straw parlor, I fear
It was wafted clean off this sublunary sphere!
I really incline to a hearty "boo-hoo"
When I think of this tragical ending; don't you?

HUSH-A-BY, SWEET MY OWN.

Fair is the castle up on the hill—

Hush-a-by, sweet my own!

The night is fair and the waves are still,

And the wind is singing to you and me

In this lowly home beside the sea—

Hush-a-by, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—

Hush-a-by, sweet my own!

And revelers drink to a little one's health;

But you and I bide night and day

For the other love that has sailed away—

Hush-a-by, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep

Ghostlike, O, my own!

Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;

Oh, see them not and make no cry

'Till the angels of death have passed us by—

Hush-a-by, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—

Hush-a-by, sweet my own!

In our lonely home beside the sea;

They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
“Hush-a-by, sweet my own”;

Here by the sea a mother croons
Hush-a-by, sweet my own!
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
“Hush-a-by, sweet my own”;

COBBLER AND STORK.

(Cobbler.)

Stork, I am justly wroth,
For thou hast wronged me sore;
The ash roof-tree that shelters thee
Shall shelter thee no more!

(Stork.)

Full fifty years I've dwelt
Upon this honest tree,
And long ago (as people know!)
I brought thy father thee,
What hail hath chilled thy heart
That thou shouldst bid me go?
Speak out, I pray—then I'll away,
Since thou commandest so.

(Cobbler.)

Thou tellest of the time
When wheeling from the west,
This hut thou sought'st and one thou brought'st
Unto a mother's breast;

I was the wretched child
Was fetched that dismal morn—
'Twere better die than be (as I)
To life of misery born!
And hadst thou borne me on
Still farther up the town,
A king I'd be of high degree,
And wear a golden crown!
For yonder lives the prince
Was brought that selfsame day;
How happy he, while—look at me!
I toil my life away!
And see my little boy—
To what estate he's born!
Why, when I die, no hoard leave I
But poverty and scorn,
And thou hast done it all—
I might have been a king
And ruled in state, but for thy hate,
Thou base, perfidious thing.

(Stork.)

Since, cobbler, thou dost speak
Of one thou lovest well,
Hear of that king what grievous thing
This very morn befell.
Whilst around thy homely bench
Thy well-beloved played,
In yonder hall beneath a pall
A little one was laid;

Thy well-beloved's face
Was rosy with delight,
But 'neath that pall in yonder hall
The little face is white;
Whilst by a merry voice
Thy soul is filled with cheer,
Another weeps for one that sleeps
All mute and cold anear;
One father hath his hope,
And one is childless now;
He wears a crown and rules a town—
Only a cobbler thou!
Wouldst thou exchange thy lot
At price of such a woe?
I'll nest no more above thy door,
But, as thou bid'st me, go.

(Cobbler.)

Nay, stork! thou shalt remain—
I meant not what I said;
Good neighbors we must always be,
So make thy home o'erhead.
I would not change my bench
For any monarch's throne,
Nor sacrifice at any price
My darling and my own!
Stork! on my roof-tree bide,
That, seeing thee anear,
I'll thankful be God sent by thee
Me and my darling here!

"GUESS."

There is a certain Yankee phrase
I always have revered,
Yet, somehow, in these modern days,
It's almost disappeared;
It was the usage years ago,
But nowadays it's got
To be regarded coarse and low
To answer: "I guess not!"

The height of fashion called the pink
Affects a British craze—
Prefers "I fancy" or "I think"
To that time-honored phrase;
But here's a Yankee, if you please,
That brands the fashion rot,
And to all heresies like these
He answers: "I-guess-not!"

When Chaucer, Wycliff, and the rest
Express their meaning thus,
I guess, if not the very best,
It's good enough for us!

Why! shall the idioms of our speech
Be banished and forgot
For this vain trash which moderns teach?
Well, no, sir; I guess not!

There's meaning in that homely phrase
No other words express—
No substitute therefor conveys
Such unobtrusive stress.
True Anglo-Saxon speech, it goes
Directly to the spot,
And he who hears it always knows
The worth of "I-guess-not!"

UHLAND'S "WHITE STAG."

Into the woods three huntsmen came,
Seeking the white stag for their game.

They laid them under a green fir tree
And slept, and dreamed things strange to see.

(First Huntsman.)

I dreamt I was beating the leafy brush
When out popped the noble stag, hush, hush!

(Second Huntsman.)

As ahead of the clamorous pack he sprang,
I pelted him hard in the hide—piff, bang!

(Third Huntsman.)

And as that stag lay dead I blew
On my horn a lusty tir-ril-la-loo!

So spake the three as there they lay,
When lo, the white stag sped that way!

Frisked his heels at those huntsmen three,
Then leagues o'er hill and dale was he—
Hush, hush! Piff, bang! Tir-ril-la-loo!

A PITEOUS PLAINT WHEREIN IS
SHOWN THE EVER-LAMENT-
ABLE COQUETRY OF
MARTHA CLOW.

I cannot eat my porridge,
I weary of my play;
No longer can I sleep at night,
No longer romp by day!
Though forty pounds was once my weight
I'm shy of thirty now;
I pine, I wither and I fade
Through love of Martha Clow.

As she rolled by this morning
I heard her nurse girl say:
"She weighs just twenty-seven pounds
And she's one year old to-day."
I threw a kiss that nestled
In the curls upon her brow,
But she never turned to thank me—
That bouncing Martha Clow!

She ought to know I love her,
For I've told her that I do;
And I've brought her nuts and apples,
And sometimes candy, too!

I'd drag her in my little cart
If her mother would allow
That delicate attention
To her daughter, Martha Clow.

O Martha! pretty Martha!
Will you always be so cold?
Will you always be as cruel
As you are at one-year-old?
Must your two-year-old admirer
Pine as hopelessly as now
For a fond reciprocation
Of his love for Martha Clow?

You smile on Bernard Rogers
And on little Harry Knott;
You play with them at peek-a-boo
All in the Waller Lot!
Wildly I gnash my new-cut teeth
And beat my throbbing brow,
When I behold the coquetry
Of heartless Martha Clow!

I cannot eat my porridge,,
Nor for my play care I;
Upon the floor and porch and lawn
My toys neglected lie;

But on the air of Halsted street

I breathe this solemn vow:

“Though *she* be false, *I* will be true

To pretty Martha Clow!”

SONG—MY HEART IS THE SHORE.

My heart is the shore when the tide is gone
And the argent feet of a lovely dawn
Walk far and near o'er the rocks and sand,
With a loveless space 'twixt the sea and land,
For thou art gone!

My heart is the shore when the tide has come
With yearning lips and song, and some
Have waked a song in the shore's lush grass
Where the wild rose blooms and the curlews pass—
For thou art come.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don' I rec'lect what 'twas about,
Some small difference, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
He havin' *his* opinyun uv *me*
'Nd I havin' *my* opinyun uv *him*.

Grew up together 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courtied sisters 'nd married 'em, too;
'Tended same meetin' house once a week,
A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through!
But when Abe Linkern asked the west
F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyun uv *me*
'Nd *I* havin' my opinyun uv *him*!

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day;

'Nd I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' *his* opinyun uv *me*
'Nd *I* havin' my opinyun uv *him*!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went *his* way 'nd *I* went *mine*,
Nd' into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' *my* opinyun uv Jim
'Nd *he* havin' his opinyun uv *me*!

Jim never came back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight:
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin to know
That here *I* be 'nd younder's Jim—
He havin' *his* opinyun uv me
'Nd *I* havin' *my* opinyun uv *him*!

THE LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, in passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,—
Boo-hoo!

And what of that peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

“The Little Peach” was set to music and, striking popular fancy, was a remarkable success. From London, in February, 1890, Mr. Field wrote as follows:

“That awful song, ‘The Little Peach,’ has been put upon the market here by rival music publishers. A local poet has injected into the soulful poem these stanzas:

‘Said Johnny Jones his sister unto:
‘I fear it is more than I can do,
But get that peach I must for you—
For you.’”

‘He thought the way to climb he knew—
His foot got caught, off came his shoe,
His jacket torn, his trousers, too,
Right through.’”

THE BROOK AND THE BOY.

Out of the village there cometh a boy—
Dark and tall and lithe is he;
And he washeth his face and rubbeth his hands
And he talketh a space, as there he stands,
With the brook that babbleth free.

“Now tell me, waters, so cold and clear,
And whence hast thou come so far?”
“From the farther side of the hill we flow,
Where the snow is bride of the last year’s snow—
Children thereof we are!”

“And whither dost thou pursue thy way,
O waters clear and cold and fair?”
“Where the rose is gay in the love of spring
We hurry away our songs to sing
To the lambkin bleating there.”

“O I should stay where the roses bloom,
Thou waters sweet and good and true!”
“We shall journey on through the meadows fair
Till we come anon to the vineyard where
Drippeth the vine with dew!”

“Long should I linger to press those vines,
O honest waters sweet and cool!”

“Nay speed we fast through the balmy shade
’Till we come at last where a mulberry maid
Swings by a crystal pool.”

Up from the waters that babble on
All silently fareth the dark, lithe blade;
And he giveth nor rose nor vine a look,
But panting he goes to beat the brook,
Woing that mulberry maid.

TO A LITTLE BROOK.

You're not so big as you were then,
 O little brook!
I mean those hazy summers when
We boys roamed, full of awe, beside
Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide,
And wondered if it could be true
That there were bigger brooks than you,
 O mighty brook, O peerless brook.

All up and down this reedy place
 Where lives the brook,
We angled for the furtive dace;
The redwing-blackbird did his best
To make us think he'd built his nest
Hard by the stream, when, like as not,
He'd hung it in a secret spot
 Far from the brook, the tell-tale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat
 Parboiled the brook,
We'd draw our boots and swing our feet
Upon the waves that, in their play,

Would tag us last and scoot away;
And mother never seemed to know
What burnt our legs and chapped them so—
But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido,—how he loved to swim
The cooling brook,
Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;
And how we boys did wish that we
Could only swim as good as he—
Why, Daniel Webster never was
Recipient of such applause
As Fido, battling with the brook!

But once—O most unhappy day
For you, my brook—
Came Cousin Sam along that way;
And, having lived a spell out west,
Where creeks aren't counted much at best,
He neither waded, swam, nor leapt,
But, with superb indifference, stepped
Across that brook—our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way,
You little brook,
When I come back to you to-day?
Is it because you flee the grass

That lunges at you as you pass,
As if, in playful mood, it would
Tickle the truant if it could,

 You chuckling brook—you saucy brook!

Or is it you no longer know—

 You fickle brook—

The honest friend of long ago?
The years that kept us twain apart
Have changed my face but not my heart—
Many and sore those years, and yet
I fancied you could not forget

 That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh, sing again in artless glee,

 My little brook,

The song you used to sing for me—
The song that's lingered in my ears.
So soothingly these many years;
My grief shall be forgotten when
I hear your tranquil voice again

 And that sweet song, dear little brook!

THE WANDERER.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a song of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say.
Whether dropped there by some too careless hand,
Or whether cast there when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang,—
Song of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Song of the misty sea, profound and wide,—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea.
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,—
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

SOLDIER, MAIDEN AND FLOWER.

(A piece for little Miss Trotty to speak at school on
Decoration day.)

“Sweetheart, take this,” a soldier said,
“And bid me brave good-by;
It may befall we ne’er shall wed,
But love can never die!

“Be steadfast in thy troth to me,
And then whate’er my lot,
My soul, to God, my heart to thee—
Sweetheart, forget me not!”

The maiden took the tiny flow’r
And fed it with her tears;
Lo, he who left her in that hour
Came not in after years.

Upon the field a demon rode
’Mid shower of flame and shot,
While in the maiden’s heart abode
The flow’r forget-me-not.

And when *he* came not with the rest
From out those years of blood,
Closely unto her widowed breast
She pressed the withered bud.

Oh, there is love, and there is pain—
And there is peace, God wot;
And these dear three do live again
In sweet forget-me-not.

'Tis to *his* unmarked grave to-day
That I should love to go—
Whether he wore the blue or gray,
What need that we should know?

“He loved a woman,” let us say,
And, that hallowed spot,
To woman’s love that lives for aye
We’ll strew forget-me-not.

THE PEACE CHRISTMAS TIME.

Earnest, how hard it is to say
That all is for the best,
Since, sometimes, in a grievous way
God's will is manifest.

See with what hearty, noisy glee
Our little ones to-night
Dance round and round our Christmas tree
With pretty toys bedight.

Dearest, one voice they may not hear,
One face they may not see—
Ah, what of all this Christmas cheer
Cometh to you and me?

Cometh before our misty eyes
That other little face,
And we clasp, in tender, reverent wise,
That love in the old embrace.

Dearest, the Christ-child walks to-night,
Bringing his peace to men,
And He bringeth to you and to me the light
Of the old, old years again.

Bringeth the peace of long ago
When a wee one clasped your knee
And lisped of the morrow—dear one, you know—
And here come back is he!

Dearest, 'tis sometimes hard to say
That all is for the best,
For, often, in a grievous way,
God's will is manifest.

But in the grace of this holy night
That bringeth back our child,
Let us see that the ways of God are right,
And so be reconciled.

THE DEAD BABE.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
 “O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou should'st take away from me
 My little son?

“Upon the thousand useless lives—
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
 Thy wrath were better spent!
Why should'st Thou take my little son?
Why should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon
 This innocent?”

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes the vision spread
 Of things that might have been:
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
 Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:

A Shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest;
And, though my arms be childless now,
I am content—to Him I bow
Who knoweth best.

RECALL OF BOYHOOD JOYS.

Brother of mine, have you forgot
Those pleasant nooning times of old;
How in a quiet, shady spot
We sat and heard quaint stories told?

How sweet it was when tired of play
Or vexed with discipline at school,
To while that nooning hour away
With romance in the shade and cool!

Brother of mine, our noon is high—
Come, let us rest a little space,
And let us twain revivify
Our ardor with that boyhood grace!

These little tales it is to tell—
Some folks may wonder why they're told;
Yet shall they serve their purpose well
If they recall the days of old.

If they recall our boyhood joys
And those far-distant scenes retrace;
If they bring to us two boys
A vision of the dear old place—

The homestead, and the pickerel pond,
The maple trees, the pasture lot,
The Pelham hills away beyond—
Brother of mine, have you forgot?

THE SONG OF LUDDY-DUD.

A sunbeam comes a-creeping
Into my dear one's nest
And sings to our babe a-sleeping
The song that I love the best.
 'Tis little Luddy-Dud in the morning,
 'Tis little Luddy-Dud at night;
 And all day long
 'Tis the same sweet song
Of that waddling, toddling, coddling little
 mite,
 Luddy-Dud!

The bird to the tossing clover,
The bee to the swaying bud,
Keep singing that sweet song over
Of wee little Luddy-Dud.
 'Tis little Luddy-Dud in the morning,
 'Tis little Luddy-Dud at night;
 And all day long
 'Tis the same dear song
Of that growing, crowing, knowing little
 sprite,
 Luddy-Dud!

Luddy-Dud's cradle is swinging

Where softly the night winds blow,

And Luddy-Dud's mother is singing

A song that is sweet and low;

'Tis little Luddy-Dud in the morning,

'Tis little Luddy-Dud at night;

And all day long

'Tis the same sweet song

*Of my nearest and my dearest heart's de-
light,*

Luddy-Dud!

A WESTERN BOY'S LAMENT.

I wished I lived away down east where codfish
salt the sea,
And where the folks have pumpkin pie and apple
sass for tea,
Us boys who's livin' here out west don't get more'n
half a show
We don't have nothin' else to do but jest to sort
o' grow.

Oh, if I was a bird I'd fly a million miles away
To where they feed their boys on pork and beans
three times a day;
To where the place they call the Hub gives out its
shiny spokes,
And where the folks—so father says—is mostly
women folks.

MY PLAYMATES.

The wind comes whispering to me of the country
green and cool—

Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a reedy
pool;

It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on
the hill,

And I hear the thrush's evening song and the
robin's morning trill;

So I fall to thinking tenderly of those I used to
know

Where the sassafras and snakeroot and checker-
berries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh who lived on
Bunker's hill?

And what's become of Noble Pratt whose father
kept the mill?

And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia
Snell?

And of Roxie Root who 'tended school in Boston
for a spell?

They were the boys and they were the girls who
shared my youthful play—

They do not answer to my call! My playmates—
where are they all?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe
Who lived next door to where we lived some forty
years ago?

I'd like to see the Newton boys and Quincy Adams
Brown,

And Hepsy Hall and Ella Cowles who spelled the
whole school down!

And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow
and all

Who I am sure would answer could they only hear
my call!

I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys
again

And talk about the times we used to wish that we
weré men!

And one—I shall not name her—could I see her
gentle face

And hear her girlish treble in this distant lonely
place!

The flowers and hopes of springtime—they per-
ished long ago,

And the garden where they blossomed is white with
winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those
girls and boys

That but a little while ago made, oh! such pleasant
noise?

O trees, and hills, and brooks, and lanes, and meadows, do you know

Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago!

You see I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far!

I am looking for my playmates—I wonder where they are!

THE DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night
From the realm of mist and dew;
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of a shady lane
That led to the pickerel pond,
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old time dream
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often of old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tangled his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The *other* dream ran fast and free,
As the moon benignly shed
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little trundle-bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come—
Of the glorious noon of day—
Of the summer that follows the careless spring
When the child is done with play.

And 'twas a dream of the busy world
Where valorous deeds are done;
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories nobly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth;
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends
Of the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a little sleeping child
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night
To earth from yonder sky;
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed,
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
Were glad it was so;
He loved to dream of days to come,
And *I* of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
Unwillingly awoke,
But neither of his precious dream
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore these dreams
Gave each his tender sign;
For there was triumph in *his* eyes—
And there were tears in *mine*!

THE DREAM SHIP.

When all the world is fast asleep,
 Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
 The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream-Ship's helm,
 An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream-Ship's side
 With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
 Pilot and helmsman are,
But the angel with the wreath of rue
 Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
 They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty
 And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old, dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman,
The pauper be a king,
In that revenge of recompense
The Dream-Ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

TO MY MOTHER.

How fair you are, my mother!

Ah, though 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago.

So gentle, too, my mother;
Just as of old, upon my brow,
Like benedictions now,
Falleth your dear hand's touch,
And still, as then,
A voice that glads me overmuch
Cometh again,
My fair and gentle mother!

How you have loved me, mother,
I have not power to tell—
Knowing full well
That even in the rest Above
It is your will
To watch and guard me with your love,
Loving me still,
And, as of old, my mother.

I am content to be a child,
By mother's love beguiled
From all these other charms,
So, to the last,
Within thy dear, protecting arms
Hold thou me fast,
My guardian angel, mother!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh, hush thee, little Dear-My-Soul,
The evening shades are falling—
Hush thee, my dear—dost thou not hear
The voice of the Master calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,
But all the sky is ringing
With joyous song, and all night long
The stars shall dance, with singing.

Oh, hush thee, little Dear-My-Soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming;

A shepherd calls his little lambs,
And he longeth to caress them;
He bids them rest upon his breast
That his tender love may bless them.

So, hush thee, little Dear-My-Soul,
 Whilst evening shades are falling,
And above the song of the heavenly throng
 Thou shalt hear the Master calling.

BERANGER'S "BROKEN FIDDLE."

I.

There, there, poor dog, my faithful friend,
Pay you no heed unto my sorrow;
But feast to-day while yet you may—
Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow!

II.

"Give us a tune," the foemen cried,
In one of their profane caprices;
I bade them "No"—they frowned, and, lo!
They dashed this innocent in pieces!

III.

This fiddle was the village pride—
The mirth of every fete enhancing;
Its wizard art set every heart
As well as every foot to dancing.

IV.

How well the bridegroom knew its voice,
As from its strings its song went gushing,
Nor long delayed the promised maid
Equipped for bridal, coy and blushing.

V.

Why, it discoursed so merrily,
It quickly banished all dejection,
And yet, when pressed, the priest confessed
I played with pious circumspection.

VI.

And though, in patriotic song,
It was our guide, compatriot, teacher,
I never thought the foe had wrought
His fury on the helpless creature!

VII.

But there, poor dog, my faithful friend,
Pay you no heed unto my sorrow;
I prithee take this paltry cake—
Who knows but we shall starve to-morrow!

VIII.

Ah, who shall lead the Sunday choir
As this old fiddle used to do it?
Can vintage come, with this voice dumb
That used to bid a welcome to it?

IX.

It soothed the weary hours of toil,
It brought forgetfulness to debtors;
Time and again from wretched men
It struck oppression's galling fetters.

X.

No man could hear its voice, and hate,
It staid the tear drop at its portal—
With that dear thing I was a king
As never yet was monarch mortal!

XI.

Now has the foe—the vandal foe—
Struck from their hands their pride and glory;
There let it lie! In vengeance, I
Shall wield another weapon, gory!

XII.

And if, O countrymen, I fall,
Beside our grave let this be spoken;
“No foe of France shall ever dance
Above the heart and fiddle, broken!”

XIII.

So come, poor dog, my faithful friend,
I prithee do not heed my sorrow,
But feast to-day while yet you may,
For we are like to starve to-morrow.

MARY SMITH.

Away down east, where I was reared among my
Yankee kith,
There used to live a pretty girl whose name was
Mary Smith;
And though it's many years since last I saw that
pretty girl,
And though I feel I'm sadly worn by western strife
and whirl,
Still, oftentimes, I think about the old familiar
place,
Which, some way, seemed the brighter for Miss
Mary's pretty face,
And in my heart I feel once more revived the
glow
I used to feel in those old times when I was Mary's
beau.

I saw her home from singing school—she warbled
like a bird—
A sweeter voice for song or speech I never heard!
She was soprano in the choir, and I a solemn bass,
And when we unisoned our voices filled that holy
place;

The tenor and the alto never had the slightest
chance,
For Mary's upper register made every heart-string
dance,
And, as for me, I shall not brag; and yet I'd have
you know
I sung a very likely bass when I was Mary's beau.

On Friday nights I'd drop around to make my
weekly call,
And, though I came to visit her, I'd have to see
'em all!
With Mary's mother sitting here and Mary's father
there,
The conversation never flagged as far as I'm
aware;
Sometimes I'd hold her worsted, sometimes we'd
play at games,
Sometimes dissect the apples which we'd named
each other's names—
Oh, how I loathed the shrill-toned clock that told
me when to go—
'Twas ten o'clock at half-past eight when I was
Mary's beau!

Now there was Luther Baker—because he'd come
of age
And thought himself some pumpkins because he
drove the stage—

He fancied he could cut me out; but Mary was my friend—

Elsewise I'm sure the issue had had a tragic end!
For Luther Baker was a man I never could abide,
And when it came to Mary, either he or I had died!

I merely cite this instance incidentally to show
That I was quite in earnest when I was Mary's beau!

How often now those sights, those pleasant sights
recur again;

The little township that was all the world I knew
of then—

The meeting house upon the hill, the tavern just
beyond,

Old Deacon Packard's general store, the saw-mill
by the pond,

The village elms I vainly sought to conquer in my
quest

Of that surpassing trophy, the golden oriole's nest!
And, best of all, those visions that come back from
long ago,

The pretty face that thrilled my soul when I was
Mary's beau!

Hush, gentle wife, there is no need a pang should
vex your heart—

'Tis many years since fate ordained that she and
I should part;

To each a true, maturer love came in good time,
and yet
It brought not with it noble grace the power to
forget,
And would you fain begrudge me now the senti-
mental joy
That comes with recollections of my sparkings
when a boy?
I warrant me that were your heart put to the rack
'twould show
That it had predilections when I was Mary's beau!

And, Mary, should these lines of mine seek out
your biding place,
God grant they bring the old sweet smile back to
your pretty face—
God grant they bring you thoughts of me, not as
I am to-day,
With faltering step and dimming eyes and aspect
grimly gray;
But thoughts that picture me as fair and full of
life and glee
As we were in the olden time—as you shall always
be!
Think of me ever, Mary, as the boy you used to
know
When time was fleet and life was sweet, and I was
Mary's beau.

(Dear hills of old New England, look down with
tender eyes

Upon one little, lonely grave that in your bosom
lies;

For in that cradle sleeps a child who was so fair
to see

God yearned to have unto Himself the joy she
brought to me;

And bid your winds sing soft and low the song of
other days,

When, hand in hand and heart to heart, we went
our pleasant ways—

Ah me, but could I sing again that song of long
ago,

Instead of this poor, idle song of being Mary's
beau!)

IN THE COURT OF HONOR.

A sense of good upspringing,
Of valor roused and ready,
Of voices tuned for singing,
Of movement onward, steady,
And full of purpose grand,
Falls on men mutely gazing
Upon this scene amazing,
This court of wonderland.

Pale domes so vast and gracious,
Lift up the radiant azure,
Where shows the portal spacious,
Bright as the dawn's embrasure,
Large-limbed and girt with power,
Their faces calm and wise,
Look down with serious eyes,
The genii of the hour.

The sky is full of voices,
Wings winnow all the air;
In strength men's thought rejoices
Amid companions rare,

Joys flutter at their feet,
World spirits call and beckon,
With life they gladly reckon,
It is so strange and sweet.

FRENCH'S "REPUBLIC."

She is calm and great,
She standeth lone;
Honors on her wait,
Peace is her throne.

Large purpose in her eyes,
No fear she hath.
Comes 'neath her kindly skies
Not peril nor scath.

Potent the will of her
In her true breast,
Like to God's messenger
Her ways are blest.

HYMN: MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Midnight hour! how sweet the calm
Thy solemn cadences impart;
What solace, as of healing balm,
Cometh with thee unto this heart!
Yet bring me not thy grace, alone—
Let others share thy dear delight—
Oh, let thy soothing monotone
Be heard of all this holy Night!

Anon shall angels walk the sky,
The stars cry out in rapturous glee,
And radiant splendors glorify
The waking earth and wondering sea;
Jehovah's reassuring word
Shall be proclaimed abroad again,
And tidings everywhere be heard
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

'Tis of those glories of the morn,
The sacrifice that makes man free,
And of the Babe in Bethlehem born
That midnight voices speak to me.

Speak on, O voices, sweet and low—

Soothing our griefs and doubts away—

That all mankind may hear and know

What rapture cometh with the Day!

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The angel host that sped last night,
Bearing the wondrous news afar,
Came in their ever-glorious flight
Unto a slumbering little star.

“Awake and sing, O star!” they cried;
“Awake and glorify the morn!
Herald the tidings far and wide—
He that shall lead His flock is born!”

The little star awoke and sung
As only stars in rapture may,
And presently where church bells hung
The joyous tidings found their way.

“Awake, O Bells; 'tis Christmas morn—
Awake and let thy music tell
To all mankind that now is born
What Shepherd loves His lambkins well!”

Then rang the bells as fled the night
O'er dreaming land and drowsing deep,
And, coming with the morning light,
They called, my child, to you asleep.

Sweetly and tenderly they spoke,
And, lingering round your little bed,
Their music pleaded till you woke,
And this is what their music said:

“Awake and sing! 'tis Christmas morn,
Whereon all earth salutes her King;
In Bethlehem is the Shepherd born—
Awake, O little lamb! and sing.”

So, dear my child, kneel at my knee,
And with those voices from above
Share thou this holy time with me,
The universal hymn of love!

HOLLY AND IVY.

Holly standeth in ye house
When that Noel draweth near;
Evermore at ye door
Standeth Ivy, shivering sore
In ye night wind bleak and drear;
And, as weary hours go by,
Doth ye one to other cry.

“Sister Ivy,” Holly quoth,
“Brightly burns the yule-log here;
And love brings beauteous things
While a guardian angel sings
To the babes that slumber near,
But, O Ivy, tell me now
What without there seest thou?”

“Sister Holly,” Ivy quoth,
“With fair music comes ye Morn,
And afar burns ye Star
Where ye wondering shepherds are,
And ye Shepherd King is born:
‘Peace on earth—good will to men,’
Angels cry, and cry again!”

Holly standeth in ye house
When that Noel draweth near;
Clambering o'er yonder door
Ivy standeth evermore.
And to them that rightly hear
Each one speaketh of ye love
That outpoureth from Above.

TO THE PASSING SAINT.

As to-night you came your way,
Bearing earthward heavenly joy,
Tell me, O dear saint, I pray,
Did you see my little boy?

By some fairer voice beguiled,
Once he wandered from my sight—
He is such a little child,
He should have my love this night!

It has been so many a year—
Oh! so many a year since then!
Yet he was so very dear,
Surely he shall come again!

If upon your way you see
One whose beauty is divine,
Will you send him back to me?
He is lost, and he is mine!

Tell him that his little chair
Nestles where the sunbeams meet;
That the shoes he used to wear
Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet.

Tell him of each pretty toy
That was wont to share his glee—
Maybe that will bring my boy
Back to them and back to me!

O dear saint, as on you go
Through the glad and sparkling frost
Bid those bells ring high and low
For a little child that's lost!

O dear saint, that blesseth men
With the grace of Christmas joy,
Soothe this heart with love again—
Give me back my little boy!

JUN 26 1933

